



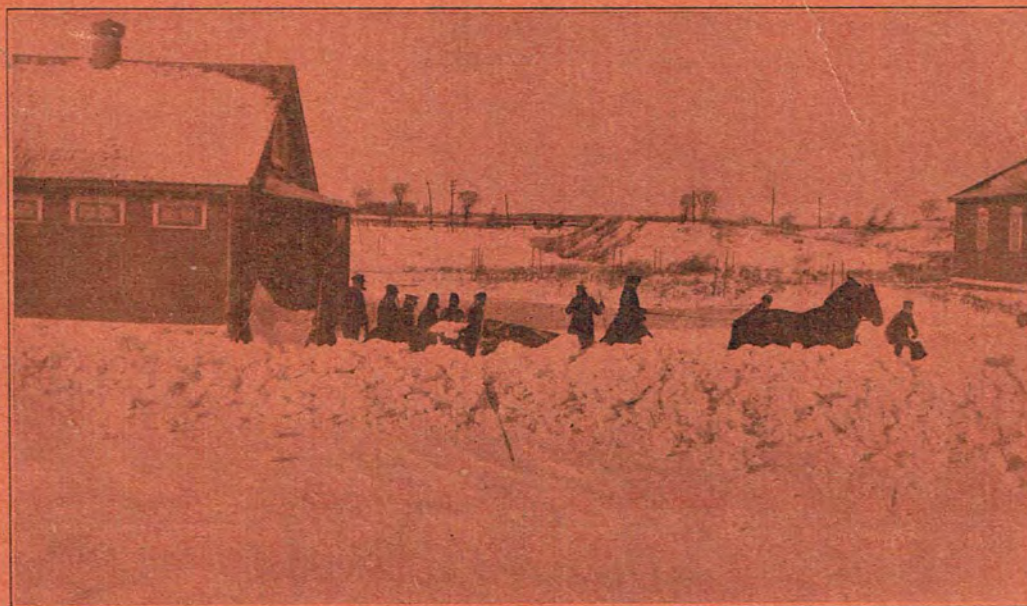
THE GOAT

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Vol. II.

Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, P.Q., January 17, 1925.

No. II



A Winter Scene at the Cavalry Barracks.



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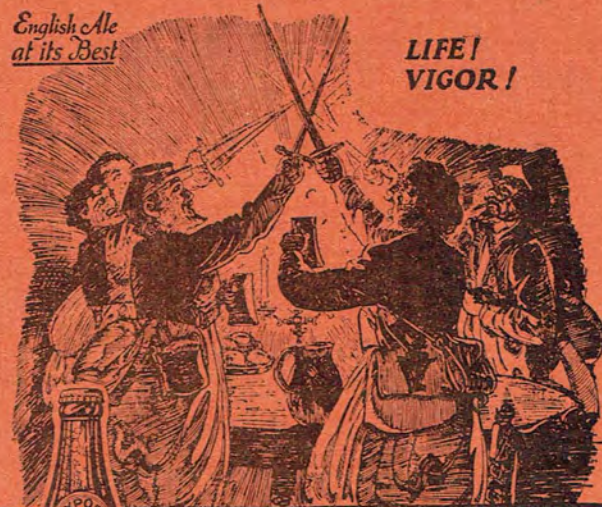
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'e made men weep on land and sea;
An' what 'e thought 'e might require,
'e went and took the same as me."

A Monthly Journal Published in Interests of "A" Squadron, R.C.D.

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Business and Advertising Manager—Major H. Stethem, R.C.D.

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The Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, Que., January 17th, 1925.

With the Permission of Major D. B. Bowie, D.S.O.

Christmas Festivities at the Cavalry Barracks.

On Monday afternoon, December 22nd, Santa Claus paid his annual visit to the Officers Mess, where he was welcomed by nearly one hundred children, the increase in number over last year being due to the presence of the personnel of "D" Co., the R.C.R.

The children and their parents assembled in the ante-rooms, and when Santa arrived, amidst the jingling of sleigh bells, the mess room was opened, and a huge tree laden with presents and good things to eat was revealed. Old Father Christmas made himself at home immediately, and as he delivered the presents he had a shake hands and a cheery word for each and every child. Some of the little ones required considerable coaxing before they would approach this strange being from the North Pole. One little girl remarked to her mother after receiving her gift that, "Santa was a very nice man, but he had been using a funny kind of perfume." When all the presents had been distributed Santa excused himself. He regretted he could not stay longer, as he had to be on his way to Toronto to visit the little boys and girls at Stanley Barracks.

Afternoon tea was served to the parents, and the children revelled in ice cream, cake, and candy, and made a pretty sight as they romped through the rooms and hallway with their varicoloured paper hats, to the strains of the music furnished by the Barracks Orchestra. All good times eventually come to an end, and at six o'clock parents and children wended their way homeward, tired no doubt, but happy.

The 'Potters Ball' which had its inception last Christmas Eve was

revived again this year, and from its popularity it looks as if it were going to be an annual affair. It seems to have superseded the old custom of "Waits." The Celebration started in the canteen, the ball being opened by a grand parade during which prizes were awarded for the best costumes, Trooper Cowling being awarded first prize as a 'Lady'. We will not mention the prize, but any of our comrades in the arid wastes of Ontario would have welcomed it. After the first spasm in the canteen, the masqueraders paraded to the Station Hospital where they entertained the patients by singing 'Carols'. The married quarters were then visited, then the Officers' Mess and the Sergeants' Mess, the same programme being carried out, and the guests were entertained in that manner customary to the festive season.

Christmas Day in Barracks was made as home-like as possible for the troops who were in quarters, the usual quota being away on Xmas leave. The dining room was very tastefully decorated with evergreens, etc., the tables groaned under the weight of the good things which are so necessary at this season of the year. Everyone had plenty and everyone was happy. Major Bowie and the officers visited the messroom and received a cordial reception. Major Bowie addressed the N.C.O.'s and men and wished them the compliments of the season, then with the assistance of the Squadron Officers, Major Salmon and Capt. Home of the R.C.R., "downed a glass" to the health of the mess, to which toast the men keenly responded. The members of the Sergeants Mess upheld the old custom of waiting on the N.C.O.'s and men at dinner. It was suggested that some of the senior N.C.O.'s would benefit by taking a correspondence course in waiting.

On New Year's Day the troops

who were away for Christmas leave celebrated the New Year in the customary manner. Again the tables were loaded with good things to eat and drink; there were no complaints.

The Station Sergeants Mess were at home to their friends on New Year's Day, quite a goodly crowd of honorary members attended and the fun waxed fast and furious. S/Sgt. "Nobby" Ellis presided at the piano, community singing was indulged in and several of the company also obliged. The officers of the Station arrived about 12.30 p. m.: Major R. Nordheimer, M.C., R.C.D., Capt. M. Drury, R.C.D., Major H. L. Salmon, M.C., The R.C.R., Capt. W. J. Home, M.C., The R.C.R., and Capt. N. M. Halkett, M.C., R.C.A.M.C. The usual complimentary speeches were made but 'mirabile dictu', were short and sweet. Owing to the unavoidable absence of Major D. B. Bowie, D.S.O., Capt. M. Drury spoke in his stead. S.S.M. Smith responded with a few well chosen words and proposed the health of the Officers, and all joined in singing "For they are Jolly Good Fellows."

The Sergeants Mess received quite a large assortment of Christmas Cards from the various messes throughout the Dominion, including one from His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, one from H.M.S. "Valerian" of the North American and West Indies Squadron, and also from numerous old comrades, now residing in different parts of the world. Acknowledgement of cards sent by the Mess were received from His Excellency the Governor General, Lord, Byng; Major General J. H. MacBrien, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., National Defence Headquarters, Ottawa, and below we publish that received from His Majesty The

King:

Buckingham Palace.

The Private Secretary presents his compliments to the Officer Commanding the Royal Canadian Dragoons, St. Johns, Que., and is commanded by the King to ask him to be good enough to convey His Majesty's thanks to the Warrant Officers, Staff Sergeants and Sergeants for their Good Wishes for Christmas and the New Year.

THE VAN STRAUBENZIE CUP COMPETITION.

The above competition was held in the riding school on Friday, December 19th. This event is open to all officers of the Regiment and is competed for annually. The Cup was presented by Mr. Allan Case, Toronto, in memory of the late Col. C. T. van Straubenzie, R.C.D., killed in action in 1918. The following were the penalties awarded:

1. First refusal fault.
 2. Second refusal faults.
 3. Third refusal or barred.
 4. Horse or Rider falling, or Horse and Rider falling, 4 faults.
 5. A touch with fore-limbs without knocking down bar, 1 fault.
 6. A touch with hind limbs without knocking down bar, 1/2 fault.
 7. Knocking down bar with fore limbs, 3 faults.
 8. Knocking down bar with hind limbs, 2 faults.
- Result:
Major R. Nordheimer, M.C., on "Polly", 1/2 fault.
Capt. D. A. Grant, M.C., on "Mickey", 1 fault.
Lieut. L. D. Hammond, on "Witchcraft", 4 1/2 faults.



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Personal & Regimental

Major R. Nordheimer, M.C., and Major F. Sawers, M.C., went to Montreal on New Year's Day to pay official calls on the Messes of the Units of the Montreal Garrison.

Brig. General C. J. Armstrong, C.B., C.M.G., visited the Barracks on the 7th inst., for the purpose of wishing all ranks the Compliments of the Season.

Congratulations to Cpl. Dan Forgreaves, R.C.D., on being appointed to the rank of Acting Sergeant.

A telegram was received on Christmas Day from Colonel Holiday, commanding the U. S. Army Post at Fort Ethan, Vermont, wishing all ranks the Compliments of the Season.

Mr. and Mrs. George Ellis wish to announce the engagement of their daughter, Edith, to Trooper Ronald Wheeler, R.C.D., son of the late George Wheeler, Royal Horse Guards, and Mrs. Wheeler, of London, England. We offer our heartiest congratulations.

Congratulations to Sergeant A. Neeves, R.C.D., on being granted an Assistant Instructor's Certificate (Signals V.T.) from the Royal School of Signals, Camp Borden, Ontario.

Old Comrades.

Sergeant Gaston Rossignol, Royal 22nd Regiment, visited Barracks on the 3rd inst. and renewed acquaintances with his old comrades. He was on his way to Ottawa to attend a course in the Survey Service. We wish him the best of luck.

Ex-Trooper H. E. Shortt also paid a visit on New Year's Day.

Our old friend "Pete" Merrix has changed his address from Brantford, Ont., to 241 Bathurst street, Toronto.

Mr. Walter Wright, ex shoeing smith, now resides at 629 Broadway, Watervliet, N. Y. We hear he is doing quite well, but since joining the ranks of the 'Benedicts' he has lost quite a lot of flesh.

Major General F. L. Lessard, C.B., was the principal speaker at

the meeting of the Navy League, held at Montreal, recently.

Sir Joseph and Lady Pope announce the engagement of their only daughter, Adele, to Mr. Geoffrey Birkett, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas M. Birkett, of Ottawa. We offer our heartiest congratulations.

Ex Trooper Laughren paid a visit to Barracks on the 10th inst.

ROYAL SCHOOL OF CAVALRY

The following officers and N.C.O's are attending the Royal School of Cavalry at St. Johns, Que.:

P/Lt. R. H. Jones, New Brunswick Dragoons.

P/Lt. C. M. Scott, New Brunswick Dragoons.

P/Lt. M. J. Pratt, 7th Hussars. S.S.M. A. F. Clarke, New Brunswick Dragoons.

Sgt. F. W. White, New Brunswick Dragoons.

Sgt. F. L. McMorris, New Brunswick Dragoons.

Sgt. H. A. Scott, New Brunswick Dragoons.

Sgt. V. Scott, New Brunswick Dragoons.

Sgt. P. C. Scott, New Brunswick Dragoons.

Sgt. O. R. Brown, New Brunswick Dragoons.

Sgt. B. Hoyt, New Brunswick Dragoons.

Sgt. C. Clarke, New Brunswick Dragoons.

Sgt. H. Dodds, New Brunswick Dragoons.

Sgt. H. J. DaCosta, Prince Edward Island Light Horse.

Sgt. A. Walker, Prince Edward Island Light Horse.

Cpl. K. K. LeBoeuf, 17th Duke of York's Canadian Hussars.

ROYAL SCHOOL OF INFANTRY

The following officers and N.C.O's are attending the Royal School of Infantry at St. Johns, Que.:

P/Lt. R. T. Thacker, Lanark and Renfrew Regiment.

C.S.M. B. Jones, Hastings and Prince Edward Regiment.

Sgt. T. R. Beazley, Hastings and Prince Edward Regiment.

Cpl. W. R. Learens, Hastings and Prince Edward Regiment.

Cpl. W. A. Barker, Hastings and Prince Edward Regiment.

A/C.S.M. G. Domingue, Maisonneuve Regiment.

Sgt. H. J. Weeks, Durham Regiment.

A/Sgt. W. Reynolds, Durham Regiment.

A/Sgt. G. R. Staples, Durham Regiment.

A/Sgt. W. E. Dobb, Durham Regiment.

A/Sgt. J. Kent, Durham Regiment.

A/Sgt. F. Willis, Durham Regiment.

Cpl. W. A. Clarke, Durham Regiment.

Cpl. J. H. McMurty, Durham Regiment.

Cpl. W. McMann, Durham Regiment.

Cpl. R. C. Chart, Prince of Wales' Own Regiment.

L/Cpl. G. Johnson, Royal Highlanders of Canada.

His Unlucky Number

The recruit was a tall, lanky Irishman, and he had very large feet. In fact it was rumoured in the regiment that he took size thirteen, and those who had seen his extremities saw no reason to doubt it. One night he happened to be included in a party that had to do a job several miles from the barracks, and, on their return and the roll being called, he was found to be absent.

"Has anyone seen O'Halloran?" asked the sergeant before dismissing the men.

There was silence for a moment. Then one of the Tommies took a step forward, came smartly to attention, and said:

"Yes, sergeant. He's gone up to the cross-roads to turn round."

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Service Notes.

The Calling of Arms.

Another tradition hard to kill is that which deems the Army a career for the fool of the family, that it needs no brains or special skill, and that the remuneration is like in ratio. None of these things exist except in fiction. The family fool certainly will never rise to a well paid billet; brains and special skill are as much needed in the Army as in any other profession, while the monetary rewards, honours and pension in ratio await talent in the Army as in any other calling. Soldiering and warfare demand the best equipment the country can give, and the modern tendency is to reject at the early outset those who have not got it.

Brigade of Guards Memorial.

The Prince of Wales recently unveiled in the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks, the memorial to the officers and men of the Brigade of Guards who gave their lives in the Great War. The

losses of the Guards reached a total of 652 officers, 2,458 warrant and non-commissioned officers, and 11,650 men.

The memorial consists of double oak doors at the west end of the chapel, around which are inscribed marble panels and two pictures—"The Annunciation" and "The Presentation"—in marble mosaic. The new oak doors have been executed by workmen at the Lord Roberts Workshops. The memorial has for its chief inscription the following: "In memory of 652 officers, 2,458 warrant and N.C. officers, and 11,650 men of the Brigade of Guards, who gave their lives in the Great War, 1914-1919." Another inscription sets out the regimental losses as follows: Grenadier Guards, 205 officers and 4,515 other ranks; Coldstream Guards, 176 officers and 3,680 other ranks; Scots Guards, 109 officers and 2,757 other ranks; Irish Guards, 115 officers and 2,079 other ranks; Welsh Guards, 35 officers and 820 other ranks; Guards' Machine Gun Regiment, 11 officers and 257 other ranks.

Festive Barrack Rooms.

Methods of warfare have changed

with such rapidity during the past decade that the soldier who had been entirely away from the Army for ten years would find himself upon the level as a recruit; but, did he rejoin at this season, he would discover that the evolution had not extended to the Christmas festival, and that the old customs still ruled in every barrack-room in the kingdom. "Lands" for a fortnight past, have been satisfying indents for greenery; fancy warehouses in the neighbourhood of garrison towns have been unloading miles of artificial festoons and hundreds of Chinese lanterns; pianofortes that have done duty at camp and concert for the past twenty years have been dragged from store-rooms; blankets already are depending from whitewashed walls, and during the next few days they will be dotted over with the flakes of cotton wool in order to produce the indispensable snowstorm setting.

The Naval Division's Cavalry

Among other things achieved by Mr. Churchill's organisation of a Royal Naval Division from the surplus Fleet Reservemen and Naval

Volunteers, and its employment in France and Belgium within a few days of its constitution, it afforded an opportunity to the Oxfordshire Hussars to be the first Territorials in action in the late war. This fact appears from a correspondence in the Times, arising from an article headed "Ten Years After." A statement therein that the Oxford Hussars and London Scottish were the first Territorials to go into action was challenged by the Colonel Commanding Northumberland Hussars, whose regiment landed at Zeebrugge as cavalry to the Seventh Division on October 5th, 1914, and had its first brush with the enemy on October 12th. But the Oxford Hussars landed at Dunkirk as cavalry to the Naval Division on September 22nd, and on October 4th met the advanced guard of German cavalry around Bailleul and Mont-des-Cats. There seems hardly any doubt that the kudos in this respect is with the Oxonians.

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were not everything. Calibres of guns used to excite some eager comparisons. But then guns were useless unless they could hit. Hence the all-important factor was the man behind the gun. Now, in this respect who or what can touch the British blue? His sturdy frame, the strength of his muscles, the keenness of his eye—Ah, there we have it. It is his good looks which have made the Navy what it is today. Mr. Walter Stoneham, who compiles the photographic record for the National Portrait Gallery of the nation's most famous men, has given his verdict to a Daily Mail reporter—and what higher authority could possibly be found?—that the "naval face in the finest type to be found in this country. Of course, we ought to have thought of that before. Another instance of the modesty of the silent Navy. But the fact, once declared, ought to make all foreign fleets tremble and beware.

H.M.S. Cockchafer.

A report has been received from the commanding officer of His Majesty's ship Cockchafer, through the Commander-in-Chief on the China Station, relating to the action of the officer, who threatened to bombard Wan Hsien unless the leading authorities of the town followed the funeral of Mr. Hawley, an American citizen, to the grave, and also demanding the execution of two men said to have been the murderers of Mr. Hawley. From this and from other reports it is clear that the pressure put by the commanding officer on the local authorities to take the action indicated was entirely justified. That a trial was held in accordance with Chinese law, and that there is no reason to doubt that the man who were sentenced to death under an article in the Chinese New Criminal Code were those primarily responsible for the murder of Mr. Hawley. A period of 48 hours elapsed between the murder and the execution. I am not prepared to publish the report. The incident occurred a long time ago, and we know quite enough about it to make up our minds.

—(First Lord.)

West Indian Cruise.

Vice-Admiral Sir James Ferguson has left Bermuda, with the Eighth Cruiser Squadron, for a two months' cruise in the West Indies. The Calcutta (flagship) and Cape-town go first to Nassau and New Orleans; and the Curlew and Constance to Key West; the whole

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St. Johns,

Que.

squadron proceeding to Belize on January 13th.

—From the Army, Navy, and Air Force Gazette.

MILITARY PRIVILEGES

London's Grant to H.A.C. and Royal Fusiliers.

The Lord Mayor of London presided at the annual dinner of the City Lieutenants' Club, which was held at the Mansion House.

The Lord Mayor, responding to the toast in his honor, proposed by Colonel Sir John Norton-Griffiths, said that it was no use talking only about the forces of the Crown; they wanted also to talk about the young lads who were not yet eligible to join the Territorial or the Regular Army. He hoped the War Office and everyone interested would take a little more seriously the training of the youth of the country in discipline, obedience, and moral courage. Some months ago he was approached with a view to the extension of privileges to the Honourable Artillery Company and the Royal Fusiliers. The City of London did not bestow its privileges lightly, but, the matter having been reported upon favourably by the General Purposes Committee, he had had great pleasure in signing that day a letter granting to those two regiments the privilege of marching through the City with drums beating, colours flying, and bayonets fixed.

A married man wants a "den" almost as soon as he realizes he has a keeper.

The Letter Box.

St. James Church,
St. Johns, Que.,
Dec. 13, 1924.

Major D. B. Bowie, D.S.O.,
The Cavalry Barracks,
St. Johns, Que.

Dear Major Bowie:—

I wish to express our sincere and earnest appreciation of the splendid services which your Barracks Orchestra have rendered to the Church. We value most highly the good spirit of comradeship which exists between our military friends and ourselves, and beg to thank all ranks for the enthusiastic manner in which they co-operate with us in our social functions and parish activities.

Yours truly,

ROY WILSON,
People's Warden.

St. Johns, Que.
Dec. 30th, 1924

Major D. B. Bowie, D.S.O.,
The Cavalry Barracks,
St. Johns.

Dear Sir:—

I have the honour to enclose in this letter a cheque for \$50.00 from the City of St. Johns, for the Barracks Fire Brigade, in recognition of their services during the fire of Harbec Block, last July.

The Municipal Council sends you all best wishes for the new year.

The City of St. Johns, P.Q.

H. MORAIS,
Secretary-Treasurer.

**CAPTAIN D. A. GRANT, M.C.,
GOING TO ENGLAND FOR
TWO YEARS.**

Captain D. A. Grant, M.C., of "A" Squadron, Royal Canadian Dragoons, has been selected to proceed to England for a period of about two years as an interchange of an officer of the Canadian Permanent Force with an officer of the British Army.

Captain Grant will sail from Halifax by the S.S. "Antonia" on January 19th, and it is strange to note, that he will leave St. Johns, Que., exactly five years to the day from the date on which he first arrived at this Station.

The Department of National Defence, in selecting Captain Grant for this interchange, not only pay a very high compliment to Captain Grant himself, but to the Regiment, and the Squadron to which he belongs as well.

Captain Grant has served for over ten years in the Royal Canadian Dragoons. He was awarded the Military Cross for gallantry in action, has frequently distinguished himself as a horseman and horse-master, and is a very efficient officer with a most charming personality; and we have not the least doubt but that he will prove a most suitable representative of the Canadian Permanent Force with the British Army.

(Editor's note:—"I receive no pay for writing this article.")

The officers of the Cavalry Barracks dined in mess on Friday, Jan. 9th, for the purpose of bidding "au revoir" to Captain Grant and wishing him "bon voyage." The evening was a jovial one and lacked the feelings of regret which usually accompany a farewell party. "Donnie" is not leaving us for good, but is only going away for a while, and although we will miss him, we are very glad that he is to have such a wonderful opportunity, in fact, we all envy him.

As a compliment to the British Army, Brussels Sprouts, "The National Fruit of England," were included in the menu.

The topic of conversation during dinner was a discussion of the newspaper reports about the terrible storms that have been raging at sea for the past month.

During the course of the evening, Captain Grant was the recipient of many valuable and useful gifts from his brother officers and friends, amongst them being a package of "Mothersills Sea-Sick Remedy" from Captain Halkett, a cake of Lifebuoy Soap, with the instructions "If the boat sinks wash yourself ashore" from Captain Leblanc, a monocle, and a dictionary giving

the proper pronunciation of the English Language, from Major Sawers, a pen and a bottle of Carter's Writing Fluid from the Editor of The Goat, etc.

Major D. B. Bowie, D.S.O., proposed the health of the Guest of the evening, and appointed him to be the European correspondent for The Goat.

Captain Grant gave a brilliant valedictory address, in which he remarked: "Ten long years ago I joined the Royal Canadian Dragoons. I have played my hand, and my tiles are on the table, it's the limit, and I fear not for the East, West, North or South winds." He thanked the officers for their well-wishes. He accepted with pleasure the appointment of European correspondent. He wished to express his regrets that he was not sailing by an American liner, as he had been earnestly looking forward to a strict observance of the "Volstead Act."

SERGEANT'S MESS DANCE.

On Friday evening, January 16th the usual monthly dance was held in the large room of the Sergeants Mess, which was gaily decorated with the Regimental Colours of the R.C.D. and R.C.R. In spite of a heavy snowstorm quite a large number of friends from the city put in an appearance, a number of the attached N.C.O.'s attending the Royal School of Cavalry also attended and enjoyed the jazzy syncopations furnished by the Barracks Orchestra, under the leadership of Mrs. Swarbrick, the other members being Troopers R. Wheeler, Rodney, Harrington, Dooley, Pte. Bark, R.C.R., Trooper Ross officiated at the drums, and Master Barraclough rendered able assistance with his violin. The orchestra has made vast strides in improvement under the tuition of Mrs. Swarbrick, and is acknowledged by all who have the pleasure of tripping the light fantastic to the music furnished by them, to be the equal of any orchestra in Montreal. Many remarks of regret were heard at the absence of Staff Sergeant 'Nobby' Ellis, who was unfortunately sick in quarters. There is no doubt but 'Nobby's' masterly manipulation of the sticks adds addition-
pep to the music. Supper was served about 11 p.m., and afterwards dancing was continued well into the 'wee sma' hours', when, finally, everyone wended their way homeward immensely satisfied with a splendid evening's entertainment.

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A Man Who Missed the War.

Mr. Winston Churchill, in a graphic article in the Weekly Dispatch recently, on the Adaptability of Man, relates the following story of an exile who missed the Great War.

A friend of ours, a Mr. Timmins, was cast away on a remote uninhabited but fertile atoll in the Pacific in June, 1914. He managed to subsist in tolerable health for over ten years. He had no connection with the outside world until a few weeks ago. One day last month a bottle was washed up on his island from the ocean, which contained some pages of a newspaper published in Australia a few months before.

Mr. Timmins devoured the columns from end to end, advertisements and all. There was a great deal about sport. There was much about the money market. There were reviews of several books and plays. There was a debate in the Commonwealth Parliament, somewhat mutilated. A large portion of the space was occupied by the headlines of an astonishingly brutal murder. There was an extract from an article by Dean Inge on the decline of British Manhood and physical courage. There was a leader on the quarrels between Ulster and the rest of Ireland about some obscure parishes in Fermanagh and Tyrone. This subject appeared to be causing an intense political excitement in the Mother Country. Neither Irish party seemed to be willing to entertain any suggestion of compromise and all English politicians were accordingly preparing to line up for battle on one side or the other.

In the Dark About the Past.

The reader must remember that Mr. Timmins had been a keen politician in England before he started on his ill-fated voyage. This part of the newspaper, therefore, excited his interest in a most powerful degree. He made the solitudes about him ring with laughter as he reflected on the extraordinary pertinacity of the Irish character whether Orange or Green, Protestant or Catholic, which had been able to keep exactly the same controversy at the same pitch of keenness and fury for a period of more than ten years, and keep the great British nation convulsed with it all the time. After spending two days and the greater part of two nights in reading and reflecting on the treasure of knowledge which

had come so suddenly into his possession, he formed the conclusion that everything was going on exactly the same in England as when he left it; that no events of any importance had occurred to disturb the ordinary flow of British life; and that the Irish still continued to dominate the situation with their quarrels about the parishes of Fermanagh and Tyrone.

There was only one paragraph in the whole paper which he could not understand. It read as follows: "Anzac Day. Sir Ian Hamilton, unveiling the Memorial to Australians and New Zealanders lost their lives at the Dardanelles, said—". At this point, however, the print was so stained by sea water as to become illegible. Mr. Timmins took nearly three weeks to puzzle over this, and at last he formed the following opinion: A cricket or football team from Australasia had gone to England for a season's play, and either on the outward or homeward journey had in some way or other been drowned in the neighbourhood of the Dardanelles.

Revelation.

He rested entirely content with this solution until a few days later a ship hove in sight and relieved him from his long lonely sojourn. For the first few hours after he was rescued he was so overjoyed that he did not trouble to ask questions about what had happened at home during his exile. It was only the next morning that he said to the captain: "Do tell me about the Australian cricket team that was drowned at the Dardanelles." The captain did not understand him, and Mr. Timmins showed him the mutilated paragraph which he still had upon him.

"Why," said the captain, "don't you know that has been a great World War; that more than ten million men have been killed and twenty millions wounded; that one-third of the whole wealth of the world was spent; that Britain won and Germany was beaten; that Australia sent more than half a million soldiers to fight in Europe; that all the Empire stood together like one man; that at the end America came in and helped too; that the war ended in the greatest victory ever won by arms; that it was a war fought to end wars once for all, and that the League of Nations has now been established to prevent all quarrels between States, great or small? Didn't you know any of this?" "Dear me," said Mr. Timmins, "I never should have thought that anything like this had happened from reading the papers."

THE HORSE'S LONG FACE.

Why are the eyes of a horse placed so far upward from its mouth, and why does the animal have such long cheekbones? Nature has a reason for everything.

The grassy plains were just beginning to make their appearance on the surface of the earth. All the land had been under water, and when it flowed off and let the vegetables grow on the fertile soil all the first green things were soft and juicy.

But as the land became less and less damp, the soft green things gave way to the tall grasses of the prairies. Grass is actually hard. This is because the grass, when taking up its mineral food from the soil, adds silica to its blades.

The ancestors of the modern horse—much smaller than the magnificent horses of today—were used to eating the soft, juicy plants. Their teeth were soft and remained soft on that account, having almost no enamel. When these little horses were forced to eat the hard grasses, the silica ground against their teeth and wore them down rapidly. The change from the soft plants to the hard grasses was, of course, very gradual. This gave nature an opportunity to bring about, through very slow processes, a new arrangement of teeth to meet the new condition. Enamel began to form on the horses' teeth, but this wore off.

Look a horse in the mouth and note the arrangement of the enamel. Instead of being on the outside of the teeth, as in human beings, it is arranged in wavy lines running over the crowns, and these lines are deeply imbedded in the bulk of the tooth. This enamel grows with the teeth as a grinding edge for chewing the sharp grasses.

Teeth form slowly, so that it became necessary for the horse's teeth to be much longer than the average. The teeth grow slowly out from the jaws all through the life of the horse, slowly forming on the lower end of they are worn away on the grinding end. But long teeth take up more room than short teeth, so nature had, somehow, to make room for them. In a short face, which the first horses had, the teeth in the upper jaw would interfere with the eyes. So, through little-by-little movements, extending over thousands of years, nature moved the eyes back to where they are today, to make plenty of room for the horse's new teeth.

Husband: "I don't see why you have accounts in so many different shops."
Wife: "Because, my dear, it makes the bills so much smaller."

Bytown Bits.

New Year Celebrations.—All the units of the Ottawa garrison held open house on New Years Day and the various messes entertained a large number of callers. The Officers of Headquarters Staff and the city regiments attended the levee held by His Excellency the Governor-General, and then the round of visits commenced.

An interesting event took place in the Officers mess of the Princess Louise Dragoon Guards, when Major General J. H. MacBrien, C.M.G., presented Major E. B. Nelson, M.C., with the Colonial Long Service Officers Decoration.

Naval Wardroom Opened.—The Officers of the Ottawa half company R.C.N.V.R., celebrated the New Year by holding a reception in their new quarters on Wellington Street. This was the first time the Wardroom has been open since the company was formed.

Visited Hull.—As usual the Hull Regiment held open house and many journeyed across the water to pay their respects to Lieut. Col. Girard and his officers. Needless to say a right royal time was had.

Was a Damp Day.—Notwithstanding the election of last October a rather damp day was the general verdict after New Year's Day was over.

Nurses Memorial.—A temporary plaster cast of a proposed memorial to Canadian nurses who died during the war is being erected in one of the niches of the main corridor of the Center block of the parliament buildings, close to the door of the parliamentary library. The memorial, which is the work of G. W. Hill, of Montreal, portrays a group of figures of about two-thirds life size in relief. There is a group of ten figures, including wounded soldiers and nursing sisters in uniform. The memorial was selected from many designs submitted in a competition carried on by Canadian nurses. The temporary model will be inspected by a committee of nurses and a committee of the cabinet before any final decision will be made.

Win Cadet Shield.—Of the Canadian units which participated in the Imperial Challenge Shield Rifle Competition for boys last year, the tenth Canadian Machine Gun Brigade Cadet Corps, of Winnipeg, attained highest averages, and thereby wins the trophy awarded

annually by the Governor General of Canada for the highest all-round efficiency in a Canadian unit shooting in the imperial shield contest. The winners of the major trophy presented by Colonel R. W. Ffennell, of the South African defence forces, have not been announced.

Want New Unit.—Following a meeting of a number of prominent French-Canadians in the French-Canadian Institute, it was decided to bring influence to bear upon the Minister of National Defence, Hon. E. M. MacDonald, with the object of having an Ottawa French-Canadian militia regiment established. The delegation will wait upon Hon. Mr. MacDonald at an early date and will report back to a general meeting of French-Canadian citizens to be called at a later date. It is composed of Col. L. R. Lafleche, Major F. Delaute, Major Gustave Lanctot, Col. Regis Roy and Captain J. A. W. Labelle.

To Lecture in Kingston.—Major General J. H. MacBrien, C.M.G., D.S.O., Chief of General Staff, will lecture to the officers of R.M. C., and senior officers of M.D.3 at the Royal Military College, Kingston, on the 24th instant. The day previous a meeting of the senior officers of the district will be held to talk over the training programme for the year. The Divisional branch of the Canadian Infantry Association will hold its annual meeting the same date. Major General MacBrien will lecture on the recent manoeuvres of the Japanese Army, at which he was present.

Vimy Dinner.—Invitations have been issued by His Excellency the Governor General for the annual Vimy Dinner, which will be held at Rideau Hall on April 15th next.

New Dress Regulation.—A very young officer of a local unit pulled off a new one on New Year's Day, it being his first time in winter dress. Hardened veterans rubbed their eyes at the sight of the youngster with a Sam Browne belt outside of his British warmer. His commanding officer had a few heartfelt words with him, explaining that whilst certain regiments wore the belt over the cloak, the wearing of it over a warmer was not according to Mr. Hoyle.

Overheard at the Sergeants Mess Dance, during a Fox Trot. Stalwart Dragoon, to his partner. (a sweet young girl): "Do you like Kipling?" She: "I don't really know. How do you 'kipple'?"

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VETERAN CAVALRY MOUNT "DYNAMITE" NOW "DE- MOBBED.

Famous Old Army Horse Escapes Degradation by Being Able to End Life in Comfortable Surroundings, Due to Intervention of Humane Society Officials

"Demobbed," and munching civilian oats and hay for the first time since he reached the prime of life, "Dynamite," 20-year-old veteran of B Squadron, Royal Canadian Dragoons, is the guest of the Toronto Humane Society on McCaul street. He does not know it yet, but Dynamite has, so to speak, fallen on his feet; he is a fortunate old horse, and it was nothing but as impending stroke of very bad luck that brought it about. Sheer disaster cast its shadow over for a moment, but Providence in the form of two Humane Society officials intervened.

All "Dynamite" could tell you about it is that in the course of a whirl of quite unusual occurrences he was taken with sixteen of his comrades to a strange stable where a man with a mallet repeated numbers in a monotonous sort of way as they were shouted out to him by other men in the crowd that had come to look at the horses.

One of the crowd, with bushy whiskers and a guttural voice had looked him over and shouted higher and higher numbers until all the rest were silent. Then a man in uniform rushed to the telephone and when he came back nodded his head. His companion at once said "twenty-one dollars," and presently "twenty-two fifty." The mallet fell, and "Dynamite" was turned over to his new masters.

Distrusted Would-Be Buyer

What really happened was an auction sale of cast army horses at the Repository. The Humane Society had sent Dr. R. M. Williams and Inspector Ballingal to look on and satisfy themselves that no horse went to a master unworthy of him. The other sixteen purchasers appeared to be good hearted humans, but the man with the whiskers seemed to have the wrong sort of way with him. A hasty telephone conversation with General Manager J. W. Wilson resulted in instructions from the society to buy the horse in, that a decent home might be found for him. That home has now been found, and Dynamite will be taken in a day or two to a Rosedale stable, where three girls and their father will see to it that he has a

good time for the rest of his days.

Rather a contrast between that and pulling one's life out between the shafts of a waggon.

"Dynamite," however, is unaware of what he missed, and like most old soldiers in the presence of civilians, he is inclined to be a trifle stiff at first. The Star found that out in the course of an interview with him today.

"Dynamite" Unbends

"Dynamite" was nosing over a ration of hay, and deliberately turned his back as The Star approached.

"Civvy!" he snorted.

"Sugar?" suggested The Star. "Well, perhaps I might," "Dynamite" condescended, and accepted a lump rather roughly. As he chewed it The Star whistled a tune that is dear to the heart of every troop-horse, the trumpet call for "feed up." "Dynamite" pricked up his ears.

"So you've been in the army, too," he said. "Yes," replied The Star, "shake hands."

And quite gravely the old horse raised a fore-foot and allowed The Star to shake it.

"Some good friend taught him that trick," remarked the Humane Society official, who stood watching the interview.

Having found common ground with his interviewer, "Dynamite" rapidly unbent and was soon indulging in a free flow of stable talk. He was not altogether pleased with his regiment for declaring him unfit.

"Me!" he exclaimed. "Never spent a day in sick lines in me life. Look at them hocks! Call me a crock?" And he arched his stiff old neck with pride.

"However," he added, "it's a bit of all right where I'm going. No more full marching order, with a rifle-bucket thumping you in the wind every step you take, and enough on your back to load a limber. Three ladies to feed you sugar—oh, I'll be all right." And his leer was positively vulgar.

Starred in Musical Rides

Then his express changed. "There used to be a girl on the farm where I was foaled," he remarked. "She wasn't like these—rode like a sack of bran—but she used to come out to the pasture with apples for me and my mother. Then they drafted me into the army. I'll miss the musical rides," he added, changing the subject.

And the musical rides will miss "Dynamite," for he has been a leading figure in them for the last ten years. He first became a troop

horse during the war, when they brought him to Stanley Barracks as a remount. It was not long before his smart appearance and clean jumping led to his being chosen as an officer's charger; but that honor lasted only until the regiment—or the remnant of it—came back from France.

With their return, "Dynamite" reverted to the ranks. He has carried all manner of riders, from trumpeter to sergeant, and given the best of them a rough ride when so minded. He has made a good record for himself in the inter-squadron jumping, too, and taken the field more than once with the Eglinton hounds. Every year he was a certain choice for the musical ride, and he knows its intricacies as a drill-sergeant knows the manual.

De-mobbed, Finds Snug Home.

This year, however, he missed it. He had not been doing as much work of late. Age, they said, and in the words of the farrier-sergeant, "anno domini beats the best of them." At Niagara last summer there was no standing in horse-lines, with your back to the rain and your tail between your hocks, for him. He was turned out to pasture and loafed the whole season. That, of course, was luxury, but it boded ill.

The other day an inspection of horses was ordered from high quarters; and when it was over "Dynamite's" connection with the regiment was ended forever. He and sixteen others were listed unfit for further service, and turned over to the sales stable to be auctioned off for what they would fetch. Thus does a grateful government reward its servants.

But there is something to be said for modern civilization after all. Tragedy has been averted and Dynamite's old age is provided for. With the rattle of head chains against the manger the crowding and squealing in the ranks as the squadron swung into line, the jingle of dimes in the troopers' spurs, the hoarse bellow of "Stable Shown!" all the sights and signs that have been his life in the army become a memory and no more; he is still to know contentment. Softer hands, gentler voices and lighter burdens than those of former years will while away the span that remains to him, and "Dynamite" will never again change masters until his dimming sight changes for the darkness of oblivion, and the last "Lights Out" finds him already at rest.

"She told him everything," said one girl of another. "What candour!" said her friend. "Yes, and what a memory!"

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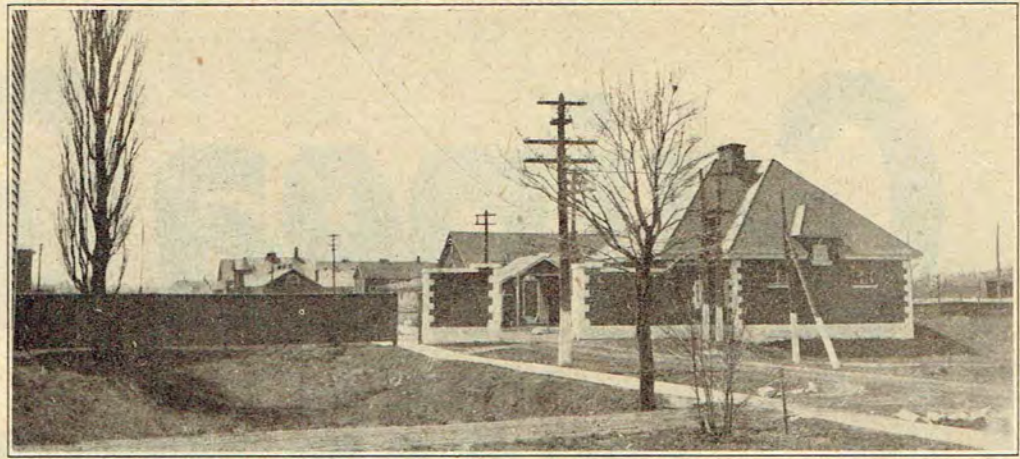
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Lt. Col. W. A. Bishop, D.S.O., M.C., C. E. F.

Private A. Brereton, 8th Battalion, C.E.F.

Capt. W. H. Clark-Kennedy, C. M.G., D.S.O., Royal Highlanders of Canada.

Corporal F. G. Coppins, 8th Battalion, C.E.F.

Lieut. T. Dinesen, 42nd Battalion, C.E.F.

Corporal H. J. Good, 13th Battalion, C.E.F.

Lieut. F. M. Gregg, M.C., 4th Signal Co., C.C. of S.

Lieut. R. Hanna.

Capt. M. F. W. Harvey, M.C., Lord Strathcona's Horse (R.C.)

Major E. J. Holland, 13th Scottish Light Dragoons.

Private T. W. Holmes, 4th C. M.R., C. E. F.

Capt. B. S. Hutchison.

Capt. G. F. Kerr, M.C., M.M., Toronto Regiment.

Private J. C. Kerr, 49th Battalion, C. E. F.

Private C. J. Kinross, 49th Battalion, C. E. F.

Corporal F. Konowal, 47th Battalion, C.E.F.

Brev. Major T. W. McDowell, D. S.O., Ottawa Highlanders.

Major J. MacGregor, M.C., D. C.M., North British Columbia Regiment.

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Capt. C. N. Mitchell, M.C.

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Major H. Strachan, M.C., 19th Alberta Dragoons.

Major General Sir R. E. W. Turner, K.C.M.G., D.S.O.

Private J. F. Young, 87 Battalion, C.E.F.

Sergeant R. L. Zengel, M.M., 5th Battalion, C.E.F.

Note:

Major General Sir R. E. W. Turner gained his V.C. with "A" Squadron, R.C.D., during the South African Campaign.

ON WRITING THE HISTORY OF A DISBANDED IRISH REGIMENT.

A King's farewell; a prince's pride;

Four Flags within a castle hall:
Two tedious volumes—are these all
That tell of those who wrought and died

In each far quarter of the world?
From graves apart, or row on row,
Long, silent voices whisper "No!
Were even those torn colours furl-

ed,
In dust to wither and decay—
Those barren chapters that pretend
To tell our story, never penned—
We should remember still. For

they
Are but an emblem—but a scroll
Once read, forgotten. That which
lives

Here in the grave—that gave and gives

Life to the Regiment is the soul
That dwelt within us once; a blend
Of duty done, of sorrow, mirth,
Of toil and striving. These on earth
Did hold us comrades to the end."

—Leinster.

WAR GLORIES

When Fritzie slacked his firing,
Just as though he was retiring
Same as all good folks do every night.

It was then war had its glories,
When we'd hop those motor lor-

ies
To the first Estaminet that was
in sight.

When a few miles was a small
space,

And we'd smile the fear off our
face

With the hope of getting some "Vin
Blink."

There was little time for worry,
It was all a thought of hurry

To a place where we could get a
drink.

Where a round of booze would do
us,

Then a few more salvos stew us
And put us in a semi-conscious
state.

It was then we often wondered,
If someone hadn't blundered

And what they meant by saying
HATE.

We felt so wonderfully fine,
That with every pint of wine

We could go right out and kiss a
little Hun.

But oh! the morning after,
There was little cause for laugh-

ter
When we had to sit and feed a
gun.

Or perhaps pack a Fuller phone
Half way thru No Man's Zone,

Or patch a wire that Fritz just
blew to hell.

Oh! the war was mighty tough,
And the going sometimes rough,

But good times mingled with the
shot and shell.

So if anyone should bluff you,
Or even try to stuff you

That wars are things that really
shouldn't be.

Just tell him in a friendly way
If he got tight most every day

He'd have enjoyed it just as much
as you and me.

—By "Bus" Browne.

The Symbolism and Origins of Drill.

(By Major C. T. Tomes, D.S.O., M.C., The Royal Warwickshire Regiment.)

The young officer or soldier learning the rifle exercises or taking part in a ceremonial parade probably never gives a thought to their origins. Nevertheless, they are not uninteresting. What does it all mean? Why do we present arms? Why does the guard turn out to an armed party, or at Reveille and Retreat? What is the significance of the advance in Review Order? Much of it is lost in the mists of antiquity; many of the contentions are as old as the Army itself or older, but it is a fascinating study to try to trace the beginnings of some of the movements. Here is plenty of scope for the imagination!

How much more interesting the sword exercises become when it is realized that a great deal of it is symbolical and has a meaning behind it. The "Recover"—what is it but a relic of the days of Chivalry when the Crusader kissed the Cross before engaging in combat, and the Cross was the cross hilt of his sword? Now we hold "the sword blade perpendicular, edge to the left, upper part of the hilt opposite the mouth, elbow close to the body."

The second motion of the salute may be taken to be a token of submission to a superior. You have lowered your guard, your front is open, he can do with you what he wills. You "recover" and again show your Christianity and gratitude by kissing the Cross.

What was the origin of the modern salute with the hand? From earliest times it was the custom to stand uncovered in the presence of a superior, so too, the soldier in the presence of his officer. To this day men in the Guards take off their caps when in fatigue dress instead of saluting. Another and perhaps truer tradition says that both the salute and its return was a symbol of mutual trust and respect; when two men in armour met each uncovered his head and so placed himself in the power of the other man. But such head-dress as iron helmets, busbies, shakos, bearskins and the like were not easy to take off and put on, so very soon must have been introduced the convention of the preliminary movement only. You raised your hand to your helmet to show you were prepared to take it off if necessary.

In Eastern countries natives "salaam" by placing their hands on their foreheads. It is said, to protect their eyes from the dazzling presence of their superiors! Possibly this may have something to do with it, but it is hardly in keeping with the manly traditions of the British Army. It savours too much of a down-trodden people cringing before their masters.

An integral part of the salute is to turn the head and eyes and look the officer full in the face. In mediaeval times no serf was allowed to raise his eyes or to look in the direction of his overlord. When that privileged being went riding by, the serf was expected to slink to the side of the path and to avert his face. The soldier—the man-at-arms—was no serf or grovelling slave. He was a free man, and as such had every right to look his superior straight between the eyes.

So from all this we come to the present day salute and what it means—a symbol of greeting, of mutual trust and confidence, initiated by the junior in rank it is true, but with no loss of dignity on his part.

The old titles of "Rifle Regiment" or "Light Infantry" are distinctions in name only, but some of the drill remains. Rifle regiments carry their rifles at the "trail" when other regiments carry them at the "slope." Rifle regiments were originally trained as skirmishes across country. For creeping up ditches, scrambling over walls or scouting round hedges, the rifle at the "trail" was handier than at the "slope." The very command of "Trail Arms" is of interest and probably originates in the days of pikes. The command was "Trayle your pikes," whereupon the soldier held his pike just short of the head and allowed the long shaft to trail on the ground behind him.

The Funeral Exercises contain some wonderful symbolism. The reversed arms, the three volleys fired in the name of the Trinity, the "Last Post"—all have their meaning. The significance of the high ascending note on which the "Last Post" ends is one of hope and expectancy; it promises a new day and a new life in the World to come.

Stephen Graham, in "A Private in the Guards," puts it in very beautiful language, and perhaps a quotation may be permitted. He says:

"When a soldier dies, the Union Jack is laid on his body in token that he died in the service of the State and that the State takes the responsibility for what it ordered him to do as a soldier. On the

A RICH FINE FLAVOR



other hand, in the Union Jack may be seen the mingling of crosses, that is of sacrifice. The reversed arms at a funeral are an acknowledgment of the shame of killing. Death puts the rifle to shame and the reversal of the rifle is a fitting sign of reverence. The three volleys fired in the air are fired at imaginary Devils, which get into men's hearts at such a moment as the burial of a comrade-in-arms. An old superstition has it that the doors of men's hearts stand ajar at such times, and devils may easily get in. The "Last Post" is the Nunc Dimittis of the dead soldier. It is the last Bugle Call...but it gives promise of Reveille...of the great reveille which ultimately the Angel Gabrielle ought to blow."

A soldier's time is never his own; he has no necessity for clock or watch. Bugles and drums tell him what to do and when to do it. This in itself is an emblem of sacrifice; when he joins the Army he dedicates his whole existence to the service of his King and country.

The Sovereign is the head of the Army; it is only right that joy should be shown on the occasion of his birthday and an exhibition of joy is all the more impressive if spontaneous. Noise has been a means of paying high honour and

an expression of joy from time immemorial. The feu de joie in which each man fires his rifle in turn is a more personal and outwardly spontaneous method of expressing pleasure than by volleys. Incidentally it makes more noise!

The sentry on the barrack gate has various orders, and one of them is "to turn out the guard to all armed parties." Why? Let us take our imagination back to mediaeval times. Picture the scene—a lonely castle, portcullis up, drawbridge down, the defending troops at their meal or sports—all is peace. But the times are disturbed; the guard is in its quarters and the sentinel is keeping his watch.

A company of men is espied approaching over the hills, their weapons glint through the dust. Are they friendly or hostile? The sentry takes no risks—"Guard turn out"—The men-at-arms hurry to their places, some ready to raise the drawbridge, some to the portcullis ready to let it fall, and others to man the battlements and loopholes. The enemy will be undeceived if he hopes to catch the garrison unprepared! The advancing company draws nearer, it seems friendly, it is friendly, it is the retinue of a neighboring nobleman come on a visit of courtesy. All

honour must be paid—the guard assemblies by the main gates. There must be no doubt shown as to the friendly intentions of the visitors. The guard "presents its arms"; the men hold out their weapons in such a way as to preclude any possibility of their hostile use, even to the extent of offering them to their guests should they wish to take them. The strangers march in, and "eyes right" to show that the compliment has been seen and appreciated.

Is this the origin of turning out the guard to armed parties? It is hard to say, but it is at least very possible.

To this day, the Arab of the Sahara holds his spear point downwards as a greeting and as a sign that he has no hostile designs—exactly the same idea as our "present."

The guard is also turned out at Reveille and Retreat. This is easily explained. Dawn and dusk were always likely moments for attack, in the late war troops stood to arms an hour before daylight; in olden times similar precautions were taken, and the custom has survived.

Why is it that the soldiers' attendance at Church is compulsory?

The Church Service is now just as much a parade as any other in the week. In early Christian days the prayers of the soldier were considered to be equally as efficacious as his weapons, and consequently, it was just as much part of his duty to pray as to fight—a sentiment which might still be taught with advantage!

Ceremonial drill is full of symbolism. In the "advance in review order" may be seen a rehearsal of the attack for the benefit of the reviewing general. The arms presented at the end—rifles held so that they are harmless—show that after all it has been only a rehearsal and is now over.

Perhaps the most beautiful ceremonial in our Drill Book is that of Trooping the Colour.

The King's Colour is the symbol of the Sovereign, and the Regimental Colour is the emblem of the Soul of the Regiment. They are seldom seen on parade nowadays, and more is the pity. For this very reason it is right and fitting that from time to time they should be marched round the Battalion so that every non-commissioned officer and man may view them close and pay them all the honour which is their due.

The ceremony starts with the Colour in charge of a sergeant and two sentries, watchful and prepared to guard it from all harm. Similarly each "guard" is formed into line without its officers. Is not this to show that the men are so much trusted that the responsibility can be safely left to the warrant and non-commissioned officers. Later, the non-commissioned officers commanding the guards leave them entirely alone and march towards the saluting base—a further token of confidence in the men.

The drums beat the Assembly—the important part of the ceremony is about to begin; it is time for the officers to get to their places. They move by the stately slow march to take over their commands*

The first honour is paid to the Colour by the slow and quick marches played by the band, but this is only a preliminary to what will follow. The Colour is about to be received into the ranks of the Battalion. The right guard becomes the escort. The right has been the post of honour from the times when the Roman legendaries wore their shields on their left arms; their right was exposed and so the bravest only were posted on

the right of the line.

The escort now moves in full view across the front of the parade. The sergeant-major, as representing the men, takes the Colour from the sergeant who has it in charge and hands it to the officer who is to carry it. The Colour is received by the escort with full honours. Arms are presented and the band plays the salute. If it is the King's Colour, "God Save the King" is heard, because the King's Colour is the symbol of the Sovereign's presence. If the Regimental Colour is being trouped, the Regimental slow march is usually played. The sergeant-major salutes with his sword—the only occasion on which he does so. The sergeants on the flanks of each rank face outwards and port their arms. They are ready to meet and repel any intruder who may attempt to disturb this solemn moment. The escort and Colour now move back to the right of the line. They file through the ranks of the Battalion, arms are presented, and every man has the opportunity of seeing the Colour go by and of showing it honour.

It is curious that all this time the escort has been commanded by a lieutenant. The captain of the right guard has had no part in it.



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Is not this a tribute to youth and a symbol of the responsibility which youth is expected to assume?

The ceremony finishes with a march past in slow and quick time, and this is how the Battalion shows itself and its Colour to the world.

At a presentation of new Colours it may be noticed that the old ones only are trooped. This of course is in the nature of a farewell. There will be many subsequent opportunities of greeting and paying high honour to the new Colours.

It sometimes happens that a ceremony has to be improvised; for instance, when the Irish Battalions were recently disbanded their Colours were sent to Windsor to be received by His Majesty the King. As was fitting, these Colours were sent off from their units with considerable formality, for in such cases care must be taken to emphasize the symbolism, so that its full meaning may not be lost.

It may be of interest to describe a particular case. A certain Irish battalion was disbanded in a garrison in which there were two other battalions, one English and the other Irish. The officers, non-commissioned officers and men of the disbanded battalion had mostly gone, but the Colours—the Soul of the Regiment—still remained. It was a sad and solemn occasion, and it was decided that the Colours must be dispatched on their last journey to Windsor will all honour and every token of regret. They were escorted on their march to the station by the surviving Irish battalion, and the English battalion followed, almost in the character of chief mourner. It would not have been seemly that officers of any other regiment should touch the sacred emblems of the disbanded battalion, and so two of its own officers carried them.

At the station entrance they left their escort with the full compliment of a Royal Salute. But the Colours must be guarded up to the last possible moment; and so on the platform was found a Guard of Honour of the Irish battalion which had supplied the escort, and a Guard of Honour of the English battalion, each with its own Regimental Colour. The Colours took post between them, and remained awaiting the train with the Colours of the two other battalions on either flank.

The train arrived and the Colours were carried in. Arms were presented, "Auld Lang Syne" was played, and the train steamed slowly away so slowly almost to give the idea that it was a sentient being, grieved at the mournful duty which it was called upon to perform.

The Army is part of the nation,

and to show that the civil population was not indifferent, the Mayor and Corporation, in full robes and chains of office, were present as part of the ceremony.

Customs such as these are part of are tradition of the Army; long may they survive, and may they never be spoiled by so-called improvements and reforms.

*An unkind tradition has it, no doubt it is untrue, that this slow march was introduced to test whether they were sober enough to perform the duty!

SPORTS

ROUSING RUGGER RUNS.

Great Struggle in Which Britain and New Zealand Have Made Rugby History.

The great Rugby football match between England and New Zealand at Twickenham recalls the famous "All Black" team, sent to this country by New Zealand in the season 1905-06.

That was a Homeric side! They beat Scotland at Edinburgh, 12-7. Ireland at Dublin, 15-0; and England at Crystal Palace, 15-0. When they took the field against Wales, the New Zealanders had won twenty-seven matches off the reel, scoring 801 points to 22.

There followed at Cardiff one of the most terrific encounters ever seen on a Rugby field. From the kick-off the Welshmen went out for all they were worth, and soon they had rushed the ball into New Zealand territory, where the All Blacks touched down and saved a score.

Give-and-take play followed, the ball travelling from end to end of the field. Then the All Blacks were slowly driven back in a series of heavy scrummages, but their tackling was deadly, and soon a good kick to half-way relieved them.

Wales on the Lead.

Again Wales swarmed to the attack. Owen got the ball, beat his man, and like lightning the leather travelled out to the Welsh wing three-quarter, Morgan. At full speed the winger sprinted along the touchline for thirty yards, completing a magnificent effort by throwing himself over at the corner-flag for a try (3 points). And that was the half-time score.

Their unbeaten record was now in danger, and the New Zealanders settled down in grim earnest to draw level. For a long time the

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HOLIDAYS.

A. Roy, Prop.

tremendous battle was waged, without definite advantage to either side.

Then, with play in mid-field, the All Black three-quarter, Wallace, got the ball and ran right through the Welsh ranks. He had beaten everyone except the full-back and was only a dozen yards from the Welsh line. The back came for him, bent low, and caught him round the hips. Down they both went, but in falling Wallace managed to pass to Deans, his centre three-quarter.

The "Invincibles" Beaten.

As the Welsh forwards overtook him Deans flung himself over the line. The decision, however, was "held up," the score was disallowed, and a scrum followed under the Welsh posts.

The Welshmen played like giants and presently their forwards broke away in a bunch. Fiercely the battle went on. First the Welsh nearly got a dropped goal, then the All Blacks were right on top again. They got the ball, which travelled to their three-quarter, McGregor; but unluckily for them he failed to hold it, and their last chance was gone. The final whistle left Wales victorious over the hitherto invincible All Blacks.

One of the finest individual runs in International Rugby football was seen when Ireland met South Africa in 1906. In this match the half-time score read: South Africa, 12 points; Ireland 3. On the restart, after a burst by the South Africans, Ireland came back, and a penalty goal brought the score to 12-6.

A Record Run.

Again South Africa pressed. The play was well inside the Irish 25 yards line when Basil MacLear picked up the ball. For a moment he staggered, regained his balance, then dashed right into his stride. Through the South African forwards he went like a hurricane; then he was sailing down the left wing, with Loubser trying to tackle him from behind, and Joubert coming on to tackle him in front.

Dashing at the South African full-back, MacLear sent him spinning with a splendid hand-off, and continued his race for the line, with Loubser still pressing at his heels. It was a terrific race, but MacLear won by a few inches, and scored one of the most sensational tries in first-class Rugby.

The match, after going to twelve points all, was won by South Africa at 15 points to 12.

HOCKEY

The hockey season is well under way, and up to the present has equalled if not surpassed our earliest hopes. The old difficulty still worries us, lack of spares, and we were also faced with the difficulty of finding a left wing to replace Durnford. Many combinations have been tried out and the one which now seems to be the best is: Major Nordheimer, goal; Cpl. Stanyar and Pte. Blais, defence; Capt. Home, centre; Tpr. Connolly, left wing, L/Cpl. McKerrall, right wing; with Sergeants Gardner and Godin spare defence, and L/Cpl. Boucher and Tpr. Rowe spare forwards.

Two practice games were played before Christmas, one on the Barrack Rink against the "Singers," which resulted in a three all draw, and one against the St. John's College on their rink, which was won by the Students, 5 to 4. But in both these games the teams were making frequent changes, and trying out new material, so that they cannot be regarded as anything more than workouts.

Garrison, 3.—K. of C. 2

Our first City League game was against the Knights of Columbus, and took place on the Academy rink on December 28th, 1924. A large grand-stand has been constructed at the Academy rink, and suitable dressing rooms have been built under it. A good crowd was on hand at 3.30 p.m., when Mr. P. Breault sounded the whistle. The first period was rather slow, both teams showing the lack of condition that might easily be expected so soon after Christmas, and the period ended with no score. Shortly after the start of the second period the Soldiers got to work in earnest, and Captain Home netted the first goal. Stanyar quickly added another, and the Garrison appeared to be playing the Knights off their feet.

The third period produced some fast hockey, the Garrison having much the better of the play, and Captain Home added another tally to our score. During the last few minutes of play the Knights put on their old stunt of coming back strong, and scrimmages in front of our goal resulted in them batting two goals past Major Nordheimer in quick succession. We settled down to a defensive game and the final whistle sounded with Garrison, 3; Knights, 2. And we chalked up the first league game of the season to our credit.

The Garrison line-up was as follows:

Major Nordheimer, goal.
Sgt. Godin, defence.
Cpl. Stanyar, defence.
L/Cpl. McKerrall, right wing.
Capt. Home, centre.
Pte. Blais, left wing.
Cpl. Greene, Tpr. Rowe, Tpr. Connolly and L/Cpl. Boucher, spares.

ELKS, 7; GARRISON, 2.

Excitement ran high amongst the local hockey fans for the game between the Garrison and the Elks, which took place on Wednesday, January 7th. The weather was ideal, and the City Band and over eight hundred spectators greeted the players when they appeared on the ice. Both teams went hard at it from the very start, Garrison rather forcing the play, and the Elks goaler had a busy time. After about ten minutes the Elks managed to get one in the nets, and they quickly followed up with another. A slight mix-up resulted in Stanyar and Black spending two minutes in the penalty box. Boucher, who was sent into the game to relieve Capt. Home, was only on the ice about ten seconds when he rushed forward by himself and registered the first goal for the "Troops." The period ended, Elks, 2; Garrison, 1.

Our hopes ran high in the second period when Capt. Home, evened the score. However, in spite of good back-checking by McKerrall and Capt. Home, our defence seemed to weaken, and the Elks succeeded in adding four more goals to their credit.

In the last period the troops settled down a little more, but in spite of their herculean efforts, the Elks added another score. The final whistle sounded with the result, Elks, 7, Garrison, 2. The score does not indicate the nature of the play, this game, by popular opinion was voted the best yet seen in St. Johns, the play all through the game being fast and clean. Latour, Black and Maubreau starred for the Elks.

The Garrison line-up was as follows:

Major Nordheimer, goal; Sgt. Gardner and Cpl. Stanyar, defence; Pte. Blais, left wing; Capt. Home, centre; L/Cpl. McKerrall, right wing; Spares, Boucher, Conolly, Rowe and Green.

Notes

Cpl. Stanyar captained the team. MacKerrall played the game of his life against the Elks.

We hear that Capt. Home was

greatly annoyed owing to the St. Johns fans calling him "Dad" and "Baldy."

Two of the Garrison team, Boucher and Connolly, previous to the game, were heard concocting a dire plot to enable the soldiers to win the game; they both decided that the only chance the Garrison had was to body their opponents off the ice.

GARRISON Vs. CHAMPLAIN

Playing in sub-zero weather, the Garrison and the Champlains furnished a great match to watch, in fact one of the fastest and cleanest seen for many years.

Marchand, in goal for the Champlains, and Nordheimer, for the Garrison, were at top notch form, and gave an exhibition of goal-keeping that has not been equalled here. The first period saw the teams sizing each other up, and though the forwards tested the goals on both sides, no scoring was done.

In the second period all hands settled down, and some very fine work was chalked up to both sides. Home, for the Garrison, and Gervais, for the Champlains, were conspicuous. End to end rushes, close checking featured the period, which ended, after the goalies had made some hair-raising stops, with the zero mark still hanging up.

Going into the third period the play got a bit stiffer and some hard jolts were handed out but were taken in good part. Paul Beaulieu, on the Champs, showed to advantage, and Connelly, for the Garrison, did some fine work. One of the Garrison was banished for tripping, and Stanyar, getting his wind up, grabbed the puck at the east end, zigzagged down and beat the Champs defence, going right in on Marchand and tallied the first goal. The supporters of the Garrison went wild with joy. The puck had scarcely been faced off before Connelly dodged down, the south fence and passing to McKerrall, the latter beat Marchand for the second score. More loud cheers from the soldiers.

Phil Brault had hardly more more than dropped the puck at centre when Gervais went down and drove one in that Nordheimer failed to connect with, and the Champs had one. About eight minutes remained to play, and there was some real hockey shown on both sides, but the goalies were cement walls, and the match was over with the score 2 to 1 for the Garrison.

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Standing of Garrison Hockey League to date.

Team	P.	W.	L.	D.	Pts.
"D" Coy., the R.C.R.	4	2	1	1	5
3rd. Troop	3	3	0	0	6
Station H.Q.	2	1	0	1	3
1st. Troop	4	1	3	0	2
2nd. Troop	3	0	3	0	0

Standing of St. Johns City Hockey League to date.

Team	P.	W.	L.	For	Agst	Pts.
Garrison	3	2	1	7	10	4
Singer	3	2	1	9	6	4
Elks	2	1	1	8	5	2
K. of C.	3	1	2	10	11	2
Champlains	3	1	2	5	7	2

The Squad, under the benign and kindly eye of an Instructor, were being subjected to visual tests.

In a distant field a party of "D" Co., The R.C.R., were undergoing instruction in entrenching work. To the Instructor they appeared as mere dots, and he decided that here was a very good test.

Singling out a smart young Trooper, the Instructor asked him for the number of men composing the entrenching party. Immediately came the answer: "Six men and Sergeant Bazley, sir." "Right. But how can you distinguish a ser-

geant from this distance?" "He's not doing any digging, sir."

A man and his wife hired an airman to take them for a tour in his aeroplane, from London to Paris. The bargain was that the man was to pay the airman a shilling for every word he would speak. When the aeroplane arrived at its destination, the airman asked the man, "How many words have you spoken, sir?"

"None," replied the man, "but I nearly lost a shilling when the wife fell out!"

Bran Mash.

A young officer was showing his elderly aunt round the barracks, when suddenly a trumpet blared out. The old lady started, "What's that for?" she asked apprehensively. "Oh, that's Tattoo," said her nephew, reassuringly. "Oh, is it really?" she said. "How interesting. I've often seen it on soldiers' arms but I didn't know that they had a special time for doing it."

Corporal (?) (giving evidence): "I was on canteen duty at the time, sir, and I was in the row when the room began—I mean, sir, I was in the room when the row began—and I saw the accused, Trooper.... whom I now identify, deliberately strike Trooper ****, but Trooper **** was too smart for him, sir; he hit him first."

A young attached officer had just arrived at barracks to attend the Royal School of Cavalry. It was rather late in the evening, and the Trumpeter was blowing a mournful call.

"I say," the young officer said to his batman, "what's that -er-er tune they are playing?"

"Why, sir," answered the man, in surprised tones, "that's the 'Last Post'."

"Is it, by Jove?" said the other, delightedly; "Well, just run along and find out if there's anything for me."

A Question of Opposites

The teacher was giving a drill in the meaning of words and their opposites.

"Now tell me," she began, "what is the opposite of misery?"

"Happiness!" said the class in unison.

"And sadness?" she asked.

"Gladness."

"And the opposite of woe?"

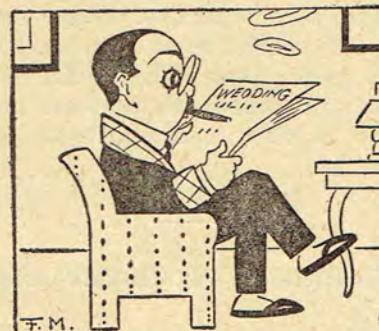
"Giddup!" shouted the enthusiastic class.

Four men were playing whist, and one of them looked very angry and grimly at his partner, who had played the hand and broken every known rule of the game. "How long have you been playing cards?" he asked. "Oh about five years," replied the other. "Realey," said the first scathingly, had no idea it was possible to acquire such appalling ignorance of the game in so short a time."

Determined.

"Congenial set in your apartment house."

"Best I ever met with. Everybody is determined not to know anybody else."



THE CRITIC'S COMMENT
Old Spooner is married again, I see;
The fourth time he has wed;
He has a soft spot in his heart—or
stay!
Perhaps it's in his head.

It Requires "Bones" Though.
In times gone by the women wore
A gown called Mother Hubbard;
Today the style resembles more
That dear old lady's cupboard.

Careful Man.

Briggs—Is Billson a careful driver?
Briggs—Very much so. He always
toots his horn before crossing a rail-
road track.

Hard to Recognize.

"Maude declares that she hates flat-
tery."

"Maybe. The trouble is that most
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Three blades and extra handle	5.00
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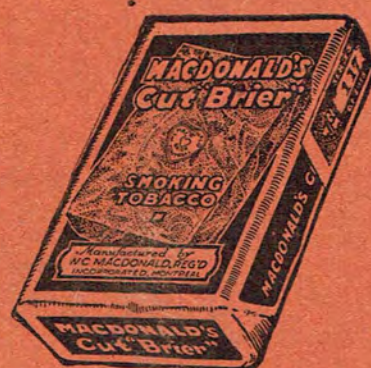
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